

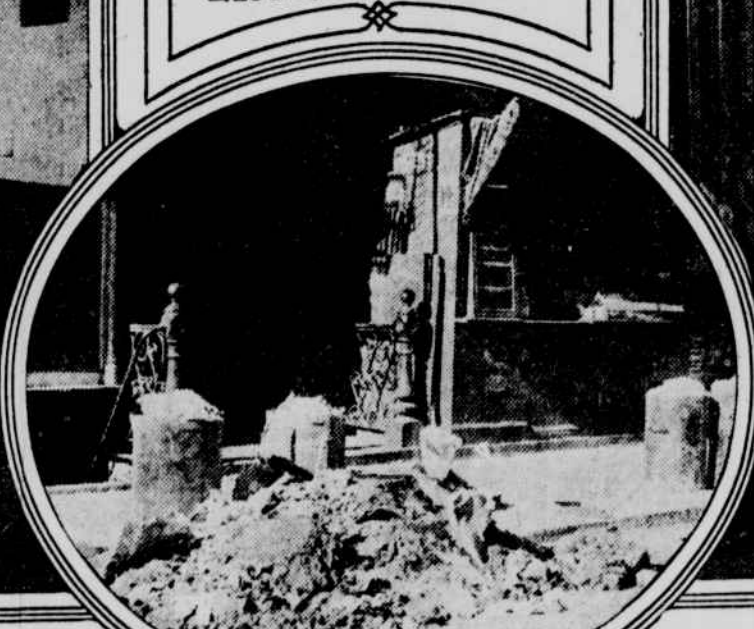
TABLE TIDBITS PREPARED UNDER REVOLTING CONDITIONS



Home Worker putting bristles in Toothbrushes



Entrance to a Licensed Tenement

Family Picking Nuts in a dirty Tenement Home
Girl is cracking nuts with her teeth

Rolling Cigarettes

Nuts, Salted or Candied, and Certain Varieties of Fruits Are Among the Edibles Often Handled in Hovels or Tenements Reeking with Filth and Disease.

FOODSTUFFS prepared in tenement houses! For whom? For you, fastidious reader, and for everybody! A pleasant subject this for meditation. Slum squalor has been reaching uptown in many insidious ways. It was bad enough to think that the clothing one wore had been handled in stuffy rooms, where sanitary conditions and ventilation were deplorable. The skin, however, is pretty tough, and even if some tuberculous child covered itself up all night, as investigators have declared, with the fabric from which a coat was to be cut there was still a fighting chance against the tuberculous bacillus.

When it is learned, however, that many of the things actually eaten or put to the lips have been prepared by some poor slattern in indifferent or bad health and by more or less dirty tots of the slums amid surroundings that would cause humanity to hold its nose, a brilliant future looms up for some of the scourges scientists are busily endeavoring to stamp out. Walnuts, pecan nuts, peanuts, almonds, all the meaty kernels which come packed neatly either in boxes or jars, or salted, or coated with candy, or imbedded in cake or made into "brittle" or ground and spread over a sundae, were in the majority of cases handled in such places by such persons, some of them actually cracked between slum dwellers' teeth. The coffee may have been sorted in the same way. Flgs and dates, especially the stuffed kind, were prepared by the same hands in the same germ laden atmosphere.

... the bristles of the toothbrush were soiled by all that uncleanness, and it may be that lips already touched by finger of death moistened the cigarette paper.

For the tenement shop is creeping fast over the slum, invading every field of the manufacturing business which requires no special training and no special machinery. Tenement work, or, as it is known, "outwork," is a practical means of defying without any legal risks all the labor laws and all the sanitary regulations. In "outwork" there is no minimum wage, no maximum time, yet an unlimited supply of workers.

Finally, and this is very important, when it comes to the preparation of foodstuffs the bothersome regulations relative to sanitary conditions can be disregarded entirely. Filthy as the workers may be, their employer may disclaim all responsibilities. He saves costs of rent, heat and light; avoids the necessity of keeping the force together and giving them regular employment when work is slack. And by turning the workers' homes into branches of the factory he escapes the necessity of observing the factory laws. Instead of employees within the factory, he is here responsible only for keeping a list of home workers, and he may not send any goods, which are named in the home work law, into a tenement which has not been licensed.

According to law, the preparation of foodstuffs must not be carried on in any

but licensed tenements. The trouble is the Department of Labor will license almost any old tenement, provided there is not a glaring case of contagious disease in that number. Its scores of mosques are one of the thirty or forty families occupying the building at the time the application is made.

One of the accompanying illustrations gives some idea of the wretched hovels, of the pest holes which have been duly

licensed and declared fit for the manufacture of anything, including foodstuffs. The picture, however, does not do justice to other picturesque details of the building, one of the thirty or forty families occupying the building at the time the application is made.

Fully as much home work is done, however, in unlicensed tenements as in licensed ones, and when the Department of Labor refuses to license a building it must have reached an appalling degree of

rottenness. The National Child Labor Committee, to which credit is due for uncovering these frightful conditions, found out that out of 41 families which were engaged in picking nuts 22 lived in licensed and 19 in unlicensed houses. In other home industries, such as brush making, out of 124 families investigated 10 lived in licensed and 114 in unlicensed houses.

Investigators of National Child Labor Committee Report Facts with Reference to "Out-work" Which Reveal the Pressing Need of a Change in Statute.

The only way in which the committee's investigating could secure such information was by following on the street the women or children carrying home the materials delivered to them by contractors. In one house, whose license had been revoked and which was shortly after declared unfit for dwelling purposes, every one of the forty residing families was found at work picking nuts for candy factories.

Manufacturers are compelled to keep a record of all their "out workers" and are not supposed to send for manufacture any of the forty-one articles specified in the act to an unlicensed house, nor to any place where there is a case of contagious disease. But it is generally the case that the "out workers" take more work than they could do themselves and farm it out to whoever they please, retaining a slight profit for their middleman service.

Or it happens that a little contractor rents a flat in a licensed tenement and uses it only as a storage room. There a hundred "out workers" may call in the morning for bags of nuts, which they take to some atrocious hovel reeking with filth and disease. Now and then one reads in the paper, especially the Jewish and Italian papers—for it is the most wretched of these two races who seek that kind of employment—an advertisement like this:

HOME WORK—No experience necessary. Call Apartment 29, 5th floor, No. 1 Madison street.

If the reader goes there some morning

he will behold a procession of women and young children carrying raw material to their homes. The house is in every case a licensed house. The candy manufacturer can proudly show his books and prove that all his "out work" is done in "nice, clean buildings." He is not supposed to know anything of the private arrangements his "out workers" may make with their friends and relatives.

What the workers' rooms are like is best shown by figures borrowed from reports of the National Child Labor Committee. The monthly rent of flats in which nut picking is carried out was as low as \$3 in several cases. A family of ten engaged in nut picking was huddled in a \$12 a month flat.

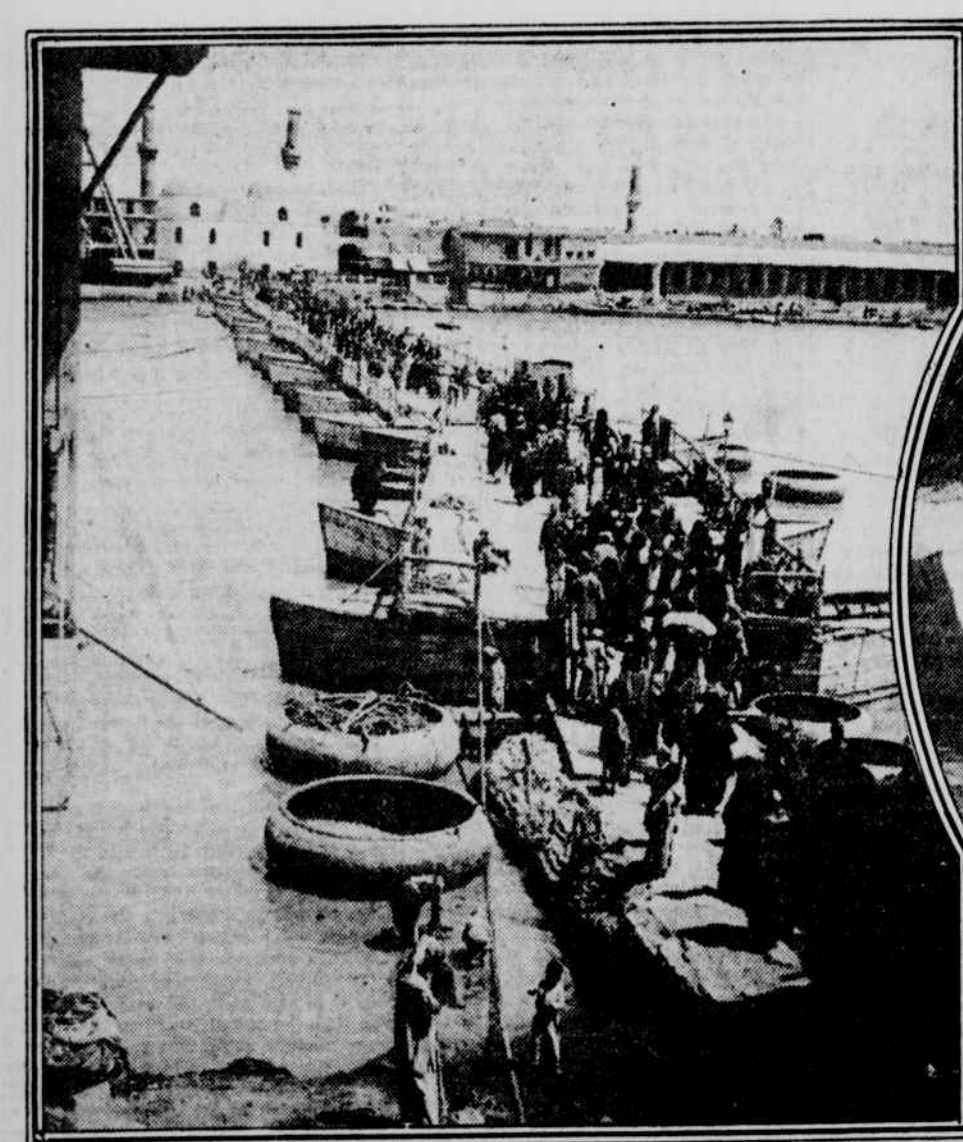
One of the worst features of the system is that a great part of the work is done by very young children at the very age when cleanliness appears to them a cumbersome detail of life rather than a virtue.

The picking of nuts is absolutely unskilled work, as simple as the pulling of basting threads, and does not by its nature necessitate even the elementary precautions required in the handling of clothing. Dirty hands, a greasy table, an unclean floor might mean the ruin of some light fabric. Nut meat and coffee beans do not show the prints of dirty little fingers.

And thus thousands of children are set to work in violation of the child labor

Continued on seventh page.

WILL STORIED BAGDAD OF ARABIAN NIGHTS FAME RISE FROM TOMB?



The Link Across the Tigris Between Old and New Baghdad and Some of the Curious Boats



PHOTO BY UNDERWOOD

Two Forms of Rapid Transit in Bagdad.



Choice Home Sites in Bagdad. The Breezes from the River are Greatly Prized on Hot Summer Evenings.

WILL Bagdad, with its "shrines of fretted gold," "high-walled gardens, green and old," ever resume its former glory? Will the picturesque scene of the "Arabian Nights" become a great mart for the distribution of the treasures of the Orient? Doubtless some of the glories of the days of Haroun Al-Raschid, the famous caliph, will never return. The city which once divided honors with Cordova as centres of the world's literature and science and which was the capital of Islam will not again reach that eminence. But perchance some day the famous project of a Mesopotamian railroad connecting Constantinople with Bagdad and the Persian Gulf will be accomplished and an irrigation system like that which made the plains of Nineveh and Babylon blossom like the rose will be dug. Then will the faded colors of Bagdad, the glorious, take on new lustre, for it will be the entrepot for a wide and prosperous area.

At present Bagdad is almost lost to the world. What Occidental ever seeks it out? Indeed, how many persons boasting any acquaintance with geography can exactly locate the place without looking upon the map? Can they say offhand under the rule of what country it is? Yet, tucked away in an out of the way corner of the world, as it is, its modernization has begun. It has felt the civilizing (?) influence of the cotton looms of England and the five-gallon petroleum tins of the Standard Oil Company. The Bedouins which frequent its wandering streets no longer rely upon the deft fingers of their womankind for the stuff of which to make their headresses, but upon the toll worn phalanxes of the women of Lancashire and Manchester. These are now made of cheap European cottons. The ubiquitous oilcans serve in the place of the old-fashioned goatskin as a means of transporting the precious supplies of Tigris water. Bagdad is changing.

This famous old city, with its tarnished gold minarets and narrow, dusty streets, the home of Sinbad the Sailor and the scene of secret wanderings of Haroun Al-

Raschid, the caliph of the "Arabian Nights," when in its prime a thousand years ago had a population of two million, according to tradition. Now its inhabitants number less than one-tenth that number. Its scores of mosques are in ruins and the major part of the inhabitants are living in a relatively new Bagdad, which has grown up on the east bank of the Tigris.

There are three ways of reaching Bagdad. One is a month-long camel journey across the Arabian Desert; a second, which takes an even greater length of time, is the Persian Gulf and a flat-bottom steamer, which traverses the five hundred miles of curves in the Tigris River between the gulf and the city; the third is a raft, on which one floats for a thousand miles down the Mesopotamian Valley on the turbid waters of the Tigris from Dearbekir, in Kurdistan. The journey on the river in either direction is not without danger from marauding gangs of robbers, who do not hesitate to kill in the practice of their profession

of brigandage. It is not strange, therefore, that few travellers search out the old city.

Bagdad is, indeed, an ancient city, if one may believe the legends, older than any other existing, even Damascus. It is said that more than two millenniums before the opening of the Christian era there was a town called Bagdad on the banks of the Tigris. Nearly two and one-half millenniums ago Nebuchadnezzar rebuilt it, and, if you doubt it, according to an archaeologist of note who found in the Babylonian valley the oldest statue known, if you wish to spend a pleasant sunset hour you can take one of the curious bowl-shaped boats and whirl up the river to the embankment above the bridge, where you can dig up a large brick bearing the name and titles of this famous Babylonian ruler. The boat itself is an evidence of the antiquity of the place. It is a wicker coracle, coated with bitumen, and can be found pictured among the carvings of ancient Nineveh. It may have been in just such a boat that Sinbad had his first adventures afloat and

learned to love the sea. One can imagine him in his boyhood days running down the street with other boys of his age to the river bank and venturing forth in the bowl, long before the days of the three wise men of Gotham.

A curious fact is that while the genuine remnants of other civilizations are easy to pick up, it is charged against the Bagdadi that four-fifths of the objects which they offer for sale are spurious. The antiquity forger, according to Dr. Banks, who conducted archaeological researches on the Babylonian plain for the University of Chicago, has produced hundreds of statues, bas-reliefs, clay and stone tablets, inscribed bronze rings, stone vases, seal cylinders and other objects unlike anything the ancient world ever produced. "A continuous stream of his products," said Dr. Banks, "is making its way from Bagdad to the private collections of Europe, and more than one successful piece has found a conspicuous place in the showcase of a great national museum."

The present city of Bagdad lies on both

sides of the Tigris, the main part being on the east bank. Old Bagdad was chiefly on the west side. The modern city is a network of winding streets. They are too narrow for horsemen to pass, and in some places even pedestrians—certainly of the aldermanic type of build—have difficulty in getting by each other. It is said that when a native is lost in the labyrinth which represents the street plan, he seeks a street in which is the deep path marking the route of the donkeys which carry water. All such roads lead to the river's brink.

The house walls hemming in the streets would delight the eye of a bill poster, but no one else. They are blank surfaces of brick, for the Mahometan lives as the Pompeians did before they were swallowed up. His home life is spent looking out not, but in. The interior of a Bagdad house is an open court, surrounded by galleries. The courts, with their fountains, are the "high-walled gardens, green and old." On the flat roof, with its high parapet, over which the neighbor is supposed never to

cast a glance, the family eats in pleasant weather and sleeps under the starlit sky in the summer time. Each house, also, has a sort of cellar to which all retreat in the middle of the day when the thermometer ranges above one hundred degrees Fahrenheit.

There are objects of interest, for, although the site of the great palace of Haroun Al-Raschid is now occupied by the unsightly buildings of the foreign consulates, and the walls of his city were torn down and sold some years ago, all tangible memorials of the great caliph have not disappeared. There were three Arabian women whose names will always live in story. They are the Queen of Sheba, Zenobia and Zobeide, the favorite wife of Haroun Al-Raschid. Tradition says her dead lies beneath the octagonal brick tower with the conical pineapple dome rising above the dead level of the city on the right of the river. The tomb is slowly falling to pieces and bats and robbers make it their home, but what lover of the "Arabian Nights" could fail to make pilgrimage to it?